

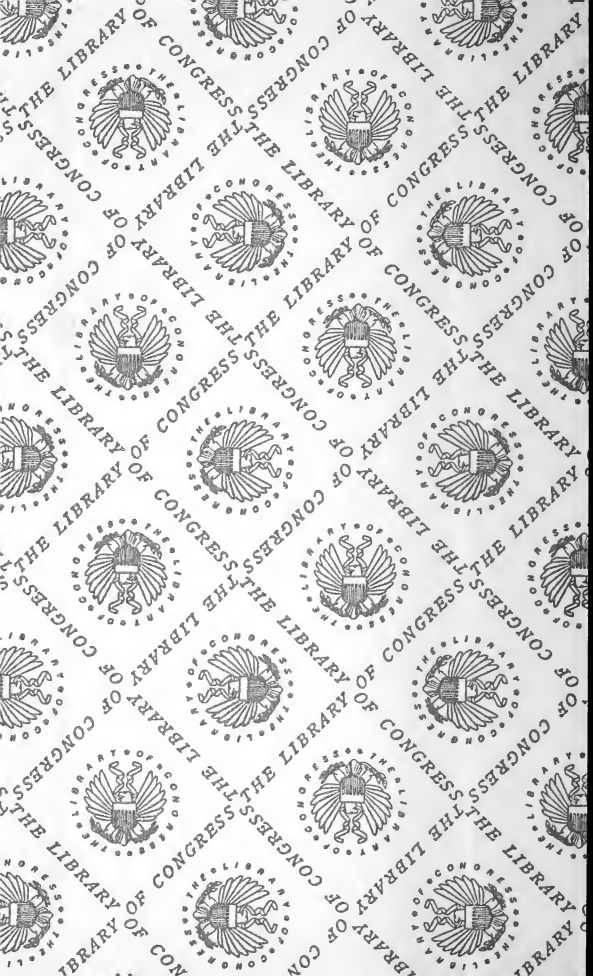
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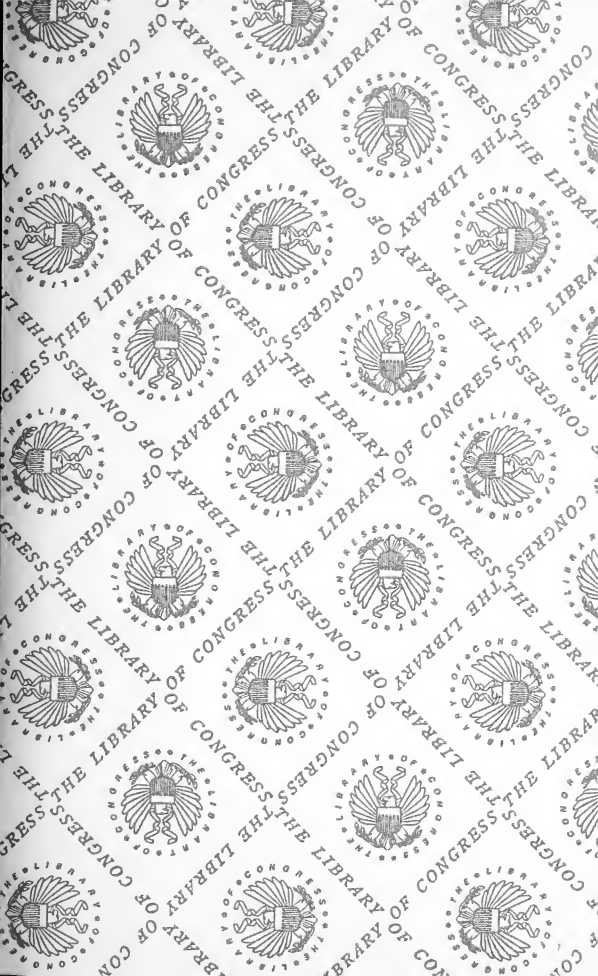
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DROPPINGS

FROM THE

HEART;

OR,

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

33
BY

THOMAS MACKELLAR.



PHILADELPHIA:

SORIN & BALL, 311 MARKET STREET.

1844.

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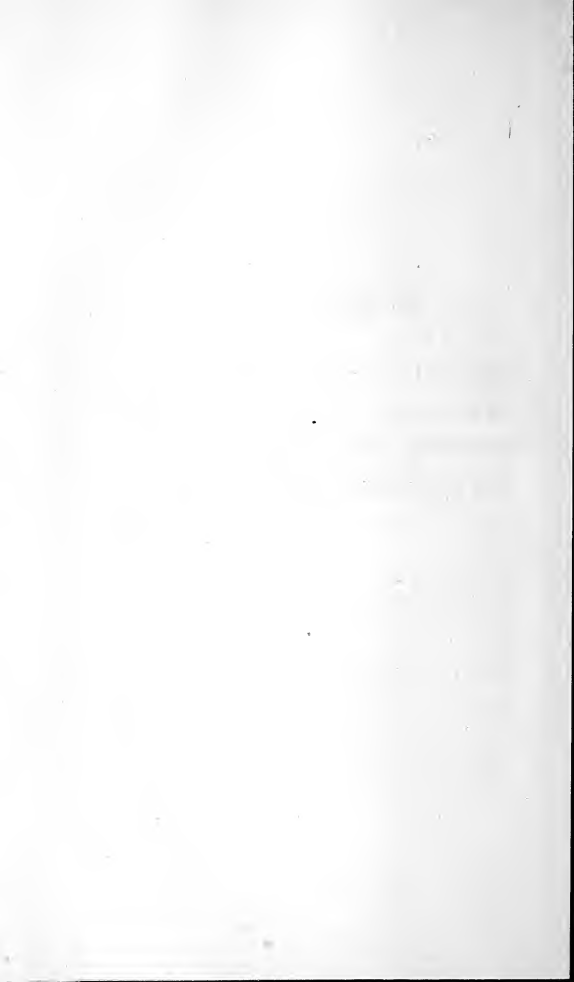
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MERRIHEW & THOMPSON, Printers,
No. 7 Carter's Alley.

TO THE READER.

DEEP in my heart a spring is bubbling up
Of thoughts most sweet and pleasant unto me ;
And when I dip and proffer thee a cup,
Wilt thou, untasted, cast it far from thee ?

T. McK.



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DROPPINGS FROM THE HEART.

SINGING ON THE WAY.

FAR distant from my Father's house

I would no longer stay ;

But gird my soul and hasten on,

And sing upon the way !

And sing ! and sing !

And sing upon my way !

The skies are dark, the thunders roll,

And lightnings round me play ;

Let me but feel my SAVIOUR near,

I'll sing upon the way !

And sing ! and sing !

And sing upon my way !

The night is long and drear, I cry ;

O when will come the day ?

I see the morning-star arise,

And sing upon the way !

And sing ! and sing !

And sing upon my way !

When care and sickness bow my frame,

And all my powers decay,

I'll ask Him for His promised grace,

And sing upon the way !

And sing ! and sing !

And sing upon my way !

He'll not forsake me when I'm old,

And weak, and blind, and gray ;

I'll lean upon his faithfulness,

And sing upon the way !

And sing ! and sing !

And sing upon my way !

When grace shall bear me home to God—
Disrobed of mortal clay,
I'll enter in the pearly gates,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing
An everlasting day!

HEART LONGINGS.

I LONG to be beloved. My bosom yearns
Tow'rds all that's pure and beautiful; and fain
Would find a recompense of love again.
My pensive soul with ardent thirsting turns
To heaven and earth to seek its fill of love.—
Beyond the sun's domain, in realms above,
Abide full many whom I loved on earth;
My father liveth there, and there my mother;
My sister there, and there my elder brother;
(For coldness rests on our paternal hearth.)
Though kin and friends remain who love
me well,
I long to hear again my parents' voice—
With early loved ones fain would I rejoice,
And in God's presence re-united dwell.

THE SLEEPING WIFE.

My wife! how calmly sleepest thou!
 A perfect peace is on thy brow:
 The heavens are clothed in robes of light,
 And twinkling stars adorn the night;
 But nature has for me no charms
 While thou, my love! art in mine arms;
 I'll watch, and mark each line of grace
 That God hath drawn upon thy face.

My wife! my wife! thy bosom fair,
 That heaves with breath more pure than air
 Which dwells within the scented rose,
 Is wrapped in deep and still repose;—
 So deep, that I erewhile did start,
 And lay my hand upon thy heart,
 In sudden fear that stealthy death
 Had slyly robbed thee of thy breath.

My wife! my wife! thy face now seems
To show the tenor of thy dreams:—
Methinks thy gentle spirit plays
Amid the scenes of earlier days;
Thy thoughts, perchance, now dwell on him
Whom most thou lov'st; or in the dim
Futurity now strive to peep,
With eager eye and daring sweep.

Sleep on! sleep on! my dreaming wife!
Thou livest now another life,
With beings filled, of fancy's birth;—
I will not call thee back to earth;
Sleep on until the car of morn
Above the eastern hills is borne;
Then thou wilt wake again, and bless
My sight with living loveliness.

SNOW-STORM SONNET.

OLD father Winter's powdering o'er his hair;
Grim Vanity! he's gray enough already,—
For one so old, he ought to be more steady,
Yet he's as fickle as the springtime fair.

But yesterday, his was a balmy breath—
To-day he blusters, sending out his frost
To nip the buds, and smite with sudden death
The tender flowers that ventured forth to peep
If cruel Winter yet had fallen asleep:

The daring act their gentle life hath cost.
Thus died Louise, our tenderest summer flower,
So meek, so mild, so beauteous in her bloom;
The blast of winter howled around her bower,
She shrank away, and hid within the tomb.

TO THE COMET.

I.

FROM whence, and whither bound, celestial ranger?
And what's thy mission in these lower skies?
Cam'st thou from spheres beyond our mortal
eyes,

Prognosticating some impending danger?

Or art thou on a tour of observation,
Before thou tak'st a permanent location?

In olden time, the world had gone demented,
To see thy tail long trailing 'neath the stars,
The sign of woes, of famines, and of jars
Among the nations, not to be prevented.

To them thou wert a spectacle of doom,
They feared thy train the earth would overwhelm;
To us it seemeth merely as a broom,
Wherewith the angels sweep their starry realm.

II.

But why so hasty in thy northern flight?

And where's thy head? why hide it, like a
maiden,

Behind a veil composed of threads of light

Abstracted from the sun, and richly laden

With gems and dyes of a celestial hue?

Say, art thou journeying to the far-off place

Where chill Uranus runs his lonely race,

To learn how all thy brother comets do?

Ethereal stranger! when wilt thou return

In silvery splendour in our skies to burn?

Methinks the light of many eyes shall pale,

And sorrowing spirits find a welcome rest,

Ere thou again thy glittering form shall trail

Athwart the heavens, fleet Meteor of the West!

LOVE FOR LITTLE THINGS.

I know where bloom some violets in a bed
Half hidden in the grass; and crowds go by
And see them not, unless some curious eye
Unto their hiding-place by chance is led.

I often pass that way, and look on them,
And love them more and more. I know not why
My heart doth love such humble things; but I
Esteem them more than robe or diadem
Of haughty kings. A babe, or bird, or flower
Hath o'er the soul a most despotic power.

The tearful eye of infancy oppressed—
A flower down-trodden by the foot of spite—
Awaken sighs of sorrow in the breast,
Or nerve the arm to vindicate their right.

THE WANE OF LIFE.

I.

THE world around me groweth gray and old :

My friends are dropping one by one away ;

Some live in distant lands—some in the clay

Rest quietly, their mortal moments told.

The lightness of my youth is gone ; the veil

That hid from me the selfishness of man

Is lifted up, and I have learned to scan

The world with wary look. My cheek is pale ;

A dimness often stealeth o'er mine eye,

And many furrows on my forehead lie.

And when my children gather at my knee

To worship God and sing our morning psalm,

Their rising stature whispers unto me

My life is waning towards its evening calm. 』

II.

What though it wane ! There is another dwell-
ing,

Not made with hands, eternal in the skies ;
And there the ransomed spirit shall arise
And sing the hymns unnumbered hosts are
swelling.

And is it scripture truth, that “ when man dies
His soul shall live ? ” “ Then will I wait the days
Of my appointed time ; and I shall praise
The LORD, whom I shall see with mine own eyes
And not another. ” — Wake, my soul ! for thou
Must do thy service in the present now.

Thy life’s thy battling-time—the world thy field :
Thy Leader’s voice resoundeth on the air ;
The word of truth, be that thy chosen shield—
Thine only weapons, meekness, love and prayer.

TO J. R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

Editor of the United States Gazette.

GRAVE potentate of scissors and the quill!

Few days agone I sent thee sundry rhymes,
 Befitting well the temper of the times,
 And wrought with all the printer-poet's skill.
 Though daily since, I pored thy lucid sheet—

The inner columns and the outer side—
 Nor line, nor word, nor syllable did greet

My eager gaze or gratify my pride.

My curious wits are at a loss to know

Why thou hast used thine humble servant so.*

Deep in my heart a spring is bubbling up
 Of thoughts most sweet and pleasant unto me,

And when I dip and proffer thee a cup,
 Wilt thou, untasted, cast it far from thee?

*The Editor replied, that the MS. had been mislaid.

HYMN

Written for the Young Men's Missionary Association of the Third
Presbyterian Church.

I.

God hath said it—and his promise
Standeth firmly as his throne—
Earth shall be a sure possession
Granted to his Son alone;
And the heathen
JESUS' gracious reign shall own.

II.

Where a soul in guilt is lying,
There His gospel shall be sent;
Life and grace for wretches dying—
Balm for bosoms sad and rent:
News of mercy—
All shall hear the call, Repent!

III.

God of mercy! man is mourning;
Darkness lieth on his road:
Shine, till light, his path adorning,
Leadeth him to thine abode,
And his spirit,
Sanctified, doth rest in God.

IV.

Words of precious promise, spoken
In thy faithfulness and love,
Never, never can be broken
While thou reignest King above!
May thy servants
Now thy gracious kindness prove.

DRAWYERS CHURCH, DELAWARE.

ADOWN in brave old Delaware there stands
 An ancient church amid a field of dead;
 The trees implanted by its children's hands
 Now cast deep shadows o'er their peaceful bed.
 This church hath long borne witness for its God,
 And He hath had a people here, to praise
 His blessed name, for sevenscore years of days.
 Four generations here have risen, and trod
 Life's changeful path, since first the sod was
 broken
 To lay therein the corner-stone, and build
 This temple which His Presence oft hath filled,
 And where His grace hath set its sealing token.
 Here reign, our God ! till time shall fade away
 Into eternity, like night in morning's ray.

THE COMET.

Low in the west—the early night begun—

A silvery streak appeareth in the air;

'Tis neither star nor planet; but some fair
Attendant at the palace of the sun.

It shineth clearly when the deeper night
Pervades the skies, and all the stars appear
Upon the ramparts of the upper sphere,

Like heavenly watchmen, with a torch of light.
Perchance it comes a messenger in haste,

On embassy from the extremest bound
Of some immense, immeasurable waste;

Or it may be a chariot on its round,
Wherein the angels fly with news of grace
And loving-kindness to some distant race.

THE SICK MAN'S SONNET.

THROW wide the shutter! Let me see the light,
And feel the cooling breeze upon my face.
So long have I been hidden from my race,
Sweet nature's aspect seemeth doubly bright.
These many days I've lain upon this bed,
And turned my weary frame and sought for rest;
But strong disease hath gnawed within my
breast,
And throbbing pangs have racked my fevered head.
The long, still nights have brought to me no
sleep;
I've counted all the hours until the morn
Hath broken in the east; and, weak and worn,
I've prayed my MAKER for a heart to weep.
The pitying FATHER hears the child's request—
My sins rebuked, He gives me perfect rest.

THE SYCAMORE STUMP,

IN THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WHENE'ER I walk in Third, near Willing's alley,

I mark the spot where that old buttonwood

Beyond the memory of man had stood

As proudly as if in Missouri's valley.

I mourn its fall, as of a pleasant friend

Whose useful life hath met a hasty end.

The ruthless axe that hewed its silvered trunk

Cut loose the ties that, tendril-like, had bound

My love unto the tree ; and when it sunk,

My heart sunk with it, grieving, to the ground.

Old men are doubtless living, who, with me,

Bewail its doom ;—who, in its grateful shade,

Some threescore years ago, in boyish glee

With glad companions innocently played.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

THERE is a pathway leading to the skies;
 'Tis strait and narrow, and the travellers climb
 With songs and sighings towards its height
 sublime,
Where faith discerns a bright, immortal prize.
The aged man uplifts his failing eyes,
 And presses on to reach his welcome rest;
The man of sinew shouteth fearless cries
 To animate the youthful pilgrim's breast;
And ever and anon the voice of song
Or prayer uprises from the heavenward throng.
 Angelic watchers compass all the road,
And aid the travellers when their spirit faints;
 Till Death comes near to bear to CHRIST's abode
The holy hosts of His elected saints.

THE OLD BLIND VOTER OF PINE WARD.

MAKE way, ye generous freemen! let him come

And cast his ballot into Freedom's urn!

His arm, perchance, once aided to strike dumb

His country's foes; and still his feelings burn
With all their ancient warmth for liberty.

Approach, old man! We honour thy thin
locks—

So white, so few—that tell thy lengthened age!—

The time thou liv'dst hath been a glorious page

Of human history, and proudly mocks

All former times. It hath been given to thee

To see the virgin flag of Freedom flung
Abroad to float in every breeze; while he

Whose head in humble abjectness had hung,
Did heavenward lift his eye, and strike—and
dare be free!

SEPTEMBER.

I BEAR a special love to sweet September :
Though people say partialities are wrong,
From youthful Janu'ry to old December
No month I love with love so true and strong.

The year hath got its richest ripeness then,
Like womanhood when in its perfect prime
And comeliness, before the hand of Time

Hath drawn a line upon the forehead with his
pen.

September's lap is full, and plenty reigns
To recompense the toiler for his pains

And feed the poor. A pleasant look hath she—
Such as the children love to see upon
Their mother's face, when they her smile have
won :

Let others choose their love — September
pleases me.

ON THE LATE REV. J. WELWOOD SCOTT.

A MEEK and holy man hath passed away;
He lieth in the grave; the crumbling coffin-dust
Is falling on the bosom of the just,
And mingling with his slowly mouldering clay.
His spirit lives in heaven; and there he finds
The loved and lost of other years; the dead
Still living, with immortal forms and minds,
And ornaments of grace on every head.
He hails the dwellers in the land above,
And joins with them in brotherhood of love.
Their spirits move in holiest accord—
He joys because his soul hath found its home—
They shout because another soul hath come—
And all unite in praises to the LORD.

NOON IN THE COUNTRY.

'Twas Sabbath noon. I sat me down upon
A fallen tree, beside a little rill
That ran along the bottom of the hill
And sang upon its way. The summer sun
Beamed hotly down; but 'neath the shadowing
trees

My bosom felt the coolness of the breeze.
A noise and silence seemed by turns to reign;
The squirrels nimbly pranced along the fence,—
I harmed them not, nor feigned to scare them
thence—

(For who could put such merry things to pain?)
Upon the ground came lightly down a bird—
A frog was gravely sitting by the rill—
But far from me was thought or wish to kill—
And quietly I sat and saw, and quietly I heard.

EARTH'S NOBLEST MEN.

SOME men are born t'endure the toil and strife

And heavy burdens of the earth. They are
The pillars in the temple of this life,

Its strength and ornament; or, hidden far
Beneath, they form its firm foundation-stone.

In nobleness they stand distinct and lone,

Yet other men upon them lean, and fain :
(Such selfishness in human bosoms swells)

Would lay on them the weight of their own pain.
Where greatness is, a patient spirit dwells;

They least complain who bear and suffer most:
In still and stern endurance they sustain

The ills whereof all weaker minds complain;

And in their blessed lot they stand, without a
sigh or boast.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

THE birthright of a child is love; and be

The portion his, without a stinted measure:

O may his bosom be brimfull of pleasure
Aflowing from affection's treasury.

A happy child is beautiful to me:

Let others praise the picture-limner's art,

Mine eye prefers the quick* reality,

Whose living beauty thrills upon my heart.

Then let him taste a little while that earth

Hath yet a cup of blessedness and mirth.

Soon will he learn the falseness of the world,—

The selfishness of man,—the hateful strife

Of men with men, of tyranny with life—

And find the temple of his hopes in utter ruins
hurled.

* "Quick and the dead."—*Apostle's Creed*.

THE TWO FLOWERS.

A MODEST maiden on her breast

Two blooming flowerets wore;

The one a full and brilliant crest

And velvet surface bore.

The other was of modest white,

With tiny leaves and stem,

And seemed to shrink away from light—

A fairy's diadem.

The gaudier floweret withered soon—

She cast it from her breast;

The valley-lily died at noon,

Yet still was it caressed.

The first, though in its hue so bright,

Was scentless in its bloom;

The little floweret clothed in white

Seemed made of rich perfume.

Thus from the soul that loves its God,

Rich odours ever rise ;

And He will take it from the sod,

And plant it in the skies.

But those who love Him not, shall meet

His angry, withering breath ;

And they shall leave on earth no sweet

Remembrance after death !

RAINY APRIL.

THE wind still blows from the north-eastern
quarter,

Full charged with chills, and coughs, and
sniffing sneezes!

Let poets sing of April's balmy breezes,
'Tis my belief that Spring's a wayward daughter,
Whose parentage is found in clouds and water;
Or she is Nature's washerwoman, splashing
The earth's old clothing—suds around her
dashing!

At all events, I wish her reign was shorter.

The weathercock awhile turns to the north,
The long-imprison'd sun comes weeping forth,
His eyelids fringed with diamond drops; when, lo!

The wind returns to its accustomed place,
And blows the clouds directly in his face,
And pours their watering-pot on man below!

“GO! TEACH ALL NATIONS!”

Matt. xxviii. 19.

Go, missionary, go!
Relying on thy God;
Nor grieve that thou must know
No more thy natal sod.
The pleasant joys resign
That nestle round thy hearth,
Close as the creeping vine
Clings to thy place of birth.

Go from thy mother's tomb;
Go from thy father's voice;
Leave desolate thy home,
That pagans may rejoice.
Where nature sternly piles
Eternal hills of snow;
Or where she kindly smiles
In peaceful beauty, go!

Go where the sun, in wrath,
 Moves o'er the blasted land,
And marks his dreadful path
 By heaps of fiery sand.

Go to the isles afar
 That beautifully lie
Upon the seas, like stars
 Set in a nether sky.

Go, where the holy name
 Of JESUS is unknown;
Where, dead to truth and shame,
 Man loves himself alone!
Go! value not thy life!
 Aim for the heavenly crown;
And in the weary strife,
 Ne'er lay thy weapons down.

In faith still battle on;
 Intently fix thine eye
Upon the mark, and won
 Shall be the victory.

Toil on! cease not thy pains,
Though unknown, uncaressed
By men;—for thee remains
An everlasting rest.

“THIRTY.”

“AT thirty wise, or never!” So ’tis said;
 How wisely said, the poet sayeth not:
 I’m thirty now, yet scarce am I a jot
 More grave than when less years sat on my head.
 But life is not so beautiful as then;

Its opening scene was lovely to my view,—
 Then earth was heavenly, and the race of men
 I deem’d its angels—while the scene was new.
 I’m wiser now, or better taught—I’ve found
 The world to be a sin-polluted ground;

Man crushes man; God’s image lies in chains;
 And Pride looks down from her blasphemous throne:
 Unpitied Misery weeps amid her pains,
 While few indeed are they who live like CHRIST
 alone!

August 12, 1842.

THE SYCAMORE BOUGH.

UPON an ancient sycamore
A noble bough there grew,
And fostered myriads of leaves
That hid itself from view.
When winter came with angry breath,
The bough was brown and bare;
Gone were the summer-hearted leaves
That once were nurtured there.

Thus with vain man. In summer days
The world around him clings;
It guiles his heart, and o'er his faults
A leafy mantle flings;
It blinds him, till the bitter day
Of pain and death comes on,—
And leaves him, then, to bear his woes
Unaided and alone.

Not so the lowly man who walks
The path that JESUS trod,—
Who daily learns to die; whose “life
Is hid with CHRIST in God.”
The world between his soul and God
Can never intervene;
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His hope is ever green.

THE BABE ASLEEP.

THE babe is sleeping. Hist! no footfall here
To jar the placid air. Cease, singing bird,
Thy melody; and, puss! no mewling word
To grate upon the little sleeper's ear.

How still she lies! and see that dimple curl
Around her lip, as if some pleasant thought
Were in her heart, from heavenly angels caught!

God's blessing rest upon my baby-girl!
Were I to give my frolic fancy play,
I'd sing of her as some angelic sprite,
Who, wandering from her native home of light,
Fatigued, had fallen asleep upon the way;—
I'd fear to wake her, lest she'd plume her wings
And soar away from me and all sublunar things!

PILGRIM! WHITHER BOUND?

PILGRIM! pilgrim! whither bound?

Thy halting feet are weary;
Delay thy toilsome pilgrimage,
Make this thy welcome resting-stage,
For, lo, thy path is dreary!

Tempter! tempter! flee away!

Entice me not to turning;
Oh, what care I how drear the path?
I haste to 'scape the coming wrath,
The everlasting burning.

Pilgrim! pilgrim! why this haste?

The world is bright before thee;
Its honours are at thy command,—
Its joys but wait thy beckoning hand
To fling their sweetness o'er thee.

Tempter! tempter! cease thy charms!

I hear the step behind me;
The blood-avenger hastens on—
Oh, let me on my course begone,
Or death's cold hand will blind me.

Pilgrim! pilgrim! let thy fears

Die like the gale at even;
Thy soul is safe—thy God is good—
And He will ne'er require thy blood,
But lead thee safe to heaven.

Tempter! tempter! hence away!

I'll heed thy counsel never;
I cast myself in JESUS' arms;
Oh, Saviour, calm my soul's alarms—
I'm thine—I'm thine for ever.

CELESTIAL FROLICS.

THE sun had put his night-cap on,
And covered o'er his head,
When countless stars appeared amid
The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose, most motherly,
To take a quiet peep
How all the stars behaved while he
Her sovereign was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,
As if in roguish play;
Though silent all, to her they seemed
As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their winking should disturb
The sleeping king of light,
She rose so high that her mild eye
Could keep them all in sight.

The stars, abashed, stole softly back,
And looked demure and prim;
Until the moon began to nod—
Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home,
That's somewhere—who knows where?
But as she went, the playful stars
Commenced their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone,
The imps with silvery eyes
Had so much fun it woke the sun,
And he began to rise!

He rose in glory!—from his eyes
Sprang forth a new-born day;
Before whose brightness all the stars
Ran hastily away.

OUR BABE.

WE have at home a little babe. Her eyes
 Are blue and beautiful, and flash out gleams
 Of diamond light, like that which brightly
 beams

On stilly summer nights from starlit skies.
 Her cheeks are tinted with the blushing dyes
 Which Heaven—so wisely bountiful—bestows
 In virgin freshness on the modest rose.

When, worn and sad, I seek the spot where
 lies

My lovely all—that infant's budding charms,
 As she disports within ELIZA's arms,
 Dispel my sadness, and her winning wiles
 And crowing shouts provoke unwitting smiles,
 Till every care is from my soul beguiled:—
 Blest is the man who loves a little child!

THE FATHER BECOMING BLIND.

MINE eyes are darkening, and their sight
Grows dimmer day by day;
The shadows of a mortal night
Are falling on my way.

The fainter stars no more I see,
The bright ones dimly gleam,
As if thin vapours fitfully
Obscured their trembling beam.

The angels of my heaven on earth—
My children in my home—
Oft leave their plays and cheerful mirth,
And to my knee-side come:

“Sir, I am Lily—Harry’s here—
You thought that I were he!”

Says one, with many a falling tear,
“Dear Father! can’t you see?”

I answer not—how can I speak?

I lift them on my knee;
From mother they an answer seek,
But she weeps bitterly,

And gazes in my fading eyes,
As if she fain would find
Some grounds for unbelief, and cries,
“No—no—he is not blind.”

I have not come to manhood’s prime
Or vigour of man’s age,
And must I be before my time
Denied bright nature’s page?

O Thou! who wast a Friend to me
When I was left alone—
An orphan youth—all friendlessly
On love and labour thrown:

Be gracious in my deep despair;
To *her* and *these* be kind;
A bitter lot is theirs to bear
Whose father's poor and blind.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THESE days of balmy breathings say
The spirit of the south
Is winging hitherward her way,
Sweets dropping from her mouth:
Her presence field and forest fills,
While sweetly sing the running rills.

The brilliant leaves adorn the trees,—
Within whose cooling shade
The aged men inhaled the breeze,
And many an urchin played;—
The trees whose dying loveliness
Is brighter than their summer dress.

The boughs are tenantless of birds;
The squirrel's chirp is heard

Where concerts of melodious words
The woods and orchards stirr'd;
Light-hearted warblers! wise betimes,
They've hied away to sunnier climes.

The sun, emitting modest rays,
Hastes early to the west,
And bursts into a golden blaze
Just as he dips his crest,
And bids our land a long good-bye
And speeds to light the western sky.

As one beloved expiring lies,
And lifts her eye a while
To give love's token ere she dies,
And smiles a last sweet smile,
That e'er shall bide within the cell
Where memory's holiest treasures dwell,—

Thus Summer, as she dies away,
Looks on the earth again,

And bids her shadows softly stray
Amid the homes of men—
To bless them with her parting breath,
And reconcile them to her death.

THE PUBLIC PARK.

I LOVE the spot where God's great trees have
room

To spread their branches far on every side,
And lift their tops in pristine forest-pride
As in their own domain, and bud and bloom
In vast variety; while round their roots
The grassy spires the unctuous mould o'er-
spread,

And fragrant clover shows its honied head,
Or buttercup or violet upward shoots.

Awake from slumber, drowsy dreamer! wake!

Inhale the healthful breathings of the sod;
Night's sickly bonds from thy dull being shake,
And while the birds are piping praise to God,
Lift up thy heart—in gladness lift thy voice—
When nature sings, then let thy soul rejoice.

THOUGHTS ON MY LOT.

No stores have I of worldly wealth,
But God hath given me cheerful health;
No diamonds in my coffers shine,
But a true loving wife is mine;
No jewels dangle from her ear,
But at her side our babes appear,
Whose cheeks of health and eyes of life
Are with a sparkling beauty rife.

Though I no parents' care have known
Since boyhood's years, yet God hath strown
His blessings o'er me constantly,
And father, mother been to me;
And when I've needed daily bread,
His providence my mouth hath fed;
And He hath been about my way,
And warmed and clothed me every day.

And I have sisters young and fair,
And brothers blest with virtues rare,
Whose hearts are generously impressed,
And each one truly loves the rest:
True friends have I, whose sympathy
Is like a Sabbath eve to me;—
And when I see a kindly face,
I mark therein peculiar grace.

Proud honours crowd around me not;
Yet when in some secluded spot
I strike my simple muse's string,
And die to every care, and sing
The thoughts that rise within my soul,
And thrill my mind beyond control,—
What *then* to me are honours worth?—
My soul is higher than this earth!

But more than this!—When Faith doth ope
Her light upon mine eyes, and Hope
Assures me that my soul is built
On Him whose blood for man was spilt,—

When humbly at His feet I lie,
And feel I'm less than vanity,
What *then* is earth to me?—'Tis dross!
'Tis hidden from me by the cross!

My God! sustain my strength, and teach
My faltering spirit how to reach
Unto thy throne of love, and see
The unnumbered ransomed saints there be,
Who, clad in robes of spotless white,
Behold thy face in perfect light,
And marvel at the wondrous grace
That lifted them to such a place!

THEN, surely, I'd love earth no more,
But thirstingly I'd pant to soar
To regions of celestial bliss.
And can I sin, my God! in this—
To long to feel Thee ever near,
Whene'er I weep to dry the tear?
To thy kind bosom fain I'd flee—
O Lord! my soul is sick for thee!

NEW YORK!

NEW YORK—my home of love! thou art enthroned
Upon the heaving billows; at thy feet
They roll submissively,—their sweetly-toned
And gentle swellings making music meet
For thee. Earth, ocean, air, their tribute pay
To thee, and dwellers in far distant lands,
Lured by thy fame, steal from their homes away,
And over lands and briny oceans stray,
To mark how beautiful thy queenly city stands!

New York! I love thy sons, beyond compare
Ennobled,—not by empty words of kings,
But by ennobling acts, by virtues rare,
And charities unbounded. These the things
That crown their names with honour.—Peerless all
Thy lovely daughters, warm with sympathy,
Swift to obey meek Mercy's moving call,
To heal the heart and dry the weeping eye,
And hush the plaint that fears no comforter is nigh.

New York! I found my birth in thee;—in thee
I played while yet a child;—in thee my tongue
Was taught to pray beside my mother's knee,
And sing the hymns my mother sweetly sung.
In thee my father took my tender hand,
And led my early feet in virtue's ways,
And by example showed me how to stand
Unharm'd in scenes where evil influence sways;
In thee mine angel said, I trust, "Behold he
prays!"

New York! I love thee with a living love!
Thou day-star of my longing eyes—my all!
The unsleeping yearnings of my bosom prove
How strongly thou dost every life-pulse thrall,
Beneath thy grassy sods the sacred clay
Of friend and parent thou dost safely keep;
While far from thee I roam, to Heaven I pray
That I with them may in thy bosom sleep:—
And thus I soothe my soul, and smile when I
would weep.

THE TEMPEST STILLED.

THE tempest from its airy throne descended in
its might,
And hastened to the earth amid the dark and
solemn night;
It rushed in its mad fury o'er the face of Galilee,
When JESUS and his bosom friends were sailing
on the sea.

Night spread her mantle o'er the skies, and hid
the gentle light
That teaches mariners to steer their trembling
ships at night;—
The raging anger of the gale had quenched the
glimmering spark
Of courage in the breast of all His followers in
the bark.

Yet JESUS slept in quietude upon the tossing sea,
(For every holy one is safe wherever he may be;)

And to him his disciples came, all wan with
trembling fear,

And said, "O Lord, hast thou no care that we
should perish here?"

The Lord arose in majesty amid that scene of
dread,

And spake unto the tempest-gale that whistled
round his head;

He bade the driving winds be still, the waters
rage no more,—

And then the heavens became serene, the waves
slept on the shore.

O fully may the Christian trust the Arm that
can restrain

The whistling of the tempest-blast, the fury of
the main;

For when the hour of judgment-wrath the day
of grace shall end,

CHRIST'S mighty arm will succour all who on His
strength depend.

THE CARELESS SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

A TEACHER stood beside his class,
And mirth was in his eye ;
He smiled, and chatted gayly with
Another standing by—
Nor did it seem he ever thought
His scholars were to die,
And that their souls in bliss or wo
Must live eternally.

His half-filled class had straggled in
With careless unconcern ;
They came to pass a weary hour,
And not to humbly learn
The blessed words of life, with which
A teacher's heart should burn ;
He showed to them no sympathy,
They felt none in return.

No kindly greetings welcomed in
The loiterers by the way;
He asked them not with winning voice,
Why they did so delay?
He spoke not of the sin of those
Who break the Sabbath-day :
To him it were of small account
If they did come or stay !

He carelessly took up the Book,
And with a lazy yawn,
When half the time had sped, began
The lesson of the morn ;
And did more harm than men who dare
The Holy Book to scorn !
Far better had his heartless task
Been utterly forborne.

He told them not that life is brief,
And that the tender flower,
Whose stalk is brittle, soonest breaks
Beneath the sudden shower :

Nor did he warn them now to flee
To JESUS, lest the hour
Was nigh at hand when they should feel
Death's paralyzing power!

He told them not that they might come
And join the ransomed band,
Who, robed in holiness, before
The throne of God do stand—
If they would turn from every sin,
And honour God's command:—
In judgment, will not JESUS CHRIST
Require this at his hand?

The hour is past! the weary hour!
He's glad his task is done:
Nor cares he that his Sabbath toil
No soul to CHRIST has won.
Ah! foolish man! his sands of life
Perchance are well-nigh run;
How will he dare to meet that Eye
That dims the noonday sun!

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

If any man must fall for me to rise,
Then seek I not to rise. Another's pain
I choose not for my good. A golden chain—
A robe of honour is too poor a prize
To tempt my hasty hand to do a wrong
Unto a fellow man. This life hath wo
Sufficient, wrought by man's satanic foe;
And who that hath a heart would dare prolong
Or add unto the sorrows of a soul
That seeks some healing balm to make it whole?
My bosom owns the brotherhood of man;
From God and truth a renegade is he
Who scorns a poor man in his poverty,
Or on his fellow lays his supercilious ban.

EARLY DAY.

How slowly and majestically comes the morning
sun !

His piercing rays begin to break through all the
vapours dun ;

The morning-star grows paler, and the feebler
stars all hide,—

The splendour of the early day extinguishes
their pride.

See nature rise with crimson blushes from the
bed of night !

How silently and gracefully she clothes herself
in light !

She sits in beauty like a bride, adorned with
healthful bloom,

And her pure breath pervades the air with deli-
cate perfume.

O cheerily, most cheerily the singing-birds
awake,

And joyously on every side their songs of praises
break !

What soul can hear them piping thus at day-
break's early hour,

And not be lifted up to God by love's attracting
power ?

An indistinct and humming noise now steals
along the air ;

Mankind have left their slumberings, and for their
toils prepare ;—

Some kneel and humbly pray to God, while
thousands go their way,

Without a blessing in their hearts, to pass a
prayerless day.

How soul-refreshing 'tis to pray before the cares
of life

Confuse and fill the busy mind with desolating
strife ;

How sweet to read the Holy Book and thus to
 nerve the heart,
That it may bear unflinchingly and well discharge
 its part.

Blest be the Lord Almighty for the cheering
 morning light!

—If beautiful the golden sun when rising in his
 might,

How glorious must be the Sun that rules the
 realms above,

Through an eternal day of light, of glory, and
 of love!

THE PINE STREET CHURCH.

I LOVE thee well, old church!

Thou birth-home of my soul!

In thee, I dare to hope, my name

Was set on mercy's scroll.

Thou standest pleasantly

Amid the ancient trees,

Whose gently-rustling leaves oft make

Sweet music in the breeze.

Thou art encompassed by

The bodies of thy dead,

Who seem to guard thee lovingly

While resting in their bed.

My heart was sadden'd, when

The rude, defacing blow

Brought all thine ancient ornaments

And antique fashions low.

I'm glad they spared thy walls,
That, three score years and ten,
Have echoed to the solemn tones
Of heaven-accepted men.

If never in thy courts
The organ's strains did roll,
Full often hath thy music been
The music of the soul!

I feel a truant tear
Steal slowly down my cheek;
The grief my bosom deeply feels
My tongue can never speak.

Peace unto thee, old church!
Still, in thy modern dress,
May God abide within thy walls,
And all thy children bless!

THE ORPHAN'S TALE.

My mother blessed me, yet so low
I scarce could hear her speak;
Her breath came heavily and slow,
And pallid was her cheek.

I sought to pray beside her bed,
My bosom filled with fear;
For something terrible and dread
I thought was coming near.

And while my mind was wandering,
I heard a trembling sigh,
As if an angel's downy wing
Was passing swiftly by.

I looked;—my mother's breath had ceased,
And motionless she lay;
Her hand I fearfully released,
'Twas stiff, and cold as clay!—

Those came who never knew her worth,
And placed her 'neath the sod;
So I'd no mother on the earth,
Nor father but my God.

MY MOTHER KNELT IN PRAYER.

WHEN, in my boyhood's gladsome day,
My heart was light as air,
I wandered to a lonely room,
Where mother knelt in prayer.

Her hands were clasped in fervency,
Her lips gave forth no sound;
Yet, awe-struck, solemnly I felt
I stood on holy ground.

My mother, all entranced in prayer,
My presence heeded not;
And reverently I turned away
In silence from the spot.

My gentle mother never knew
That I had seen her pray
In secrecy; but I revered
Her doubly from that day.

She died; and I, an orphan, since
Through many cares have strayed;
But God has kept me, and I feel
He heard her when she prayed.

THE POET'S MISSION.

EACH mortal being hath a mission here:—

'Tis mine to travel soberly along

The track of life, and sing, perchance, a song
That ringeth sweetly on some listening ear.

A fellow-traveller jostles me at times,

And scorns the music of my simple rhymes;

But still I sing; for soon will come the day

When mental hunger will his breast annoy,

And love of gold and sensual things will cloy,—

And then he'll bow submissive to my sway.

My life is not an idle one. I sing

And work together. When my time is o'er,

My frame—like some old harp whose every
string

Is gone—will be worn-out, to labour here no
more.

THE TWO WORSHIPPERS.

IN the pride of his spirit,
The Pharisee came
To God's holy temple,
His deeds to proclaim;
And with high swelling bosom
And lip of disdain,
He eyed a poor brother
Whose heart beat with pain.

Thus spake he within him,
"O God, I thank thee
That I am not as sinful
As other men be,
Or unjust or oppressive
To my fellow man,
Or licentious, or even
As this publican.

“Twice a week do I fast,
And tithe all I possess:”
And then, all enwrapt
In his self-righteousness,
He complacently stood,
With himself satisfied,
Though a sinner more vile
Than a thousand beside.

But the publican stood
Afar off in his grief,
For he felt like a beggar
Who needed relief;
And he raised not his eyes,
And he saw not the scorn
Which the lip of the Pharisee
Proudly had worn.

But he smote on his bosom,
And deeply he sighed;
As a sinner, for mercy,
Sweet mercy, he cried;

It was all he could utter,
But God hears a sigh,
And listens, no matter
How feeble the cry.

Both unheard and unblest,
The proud Pharisee then
Returned to the pomp
Of his riches again ;
While the publican sinner,
Though loathed and oppressed,
Went joyfully homeward
With peace in his breast.

MAN'S STEWARDSHIP.

ALL men are stewards of some gift or grace,
 And must account to Him who lent the boon;
 Some use it till old age—some, in the noon
 Of life are called to stand before His face,
 And give to Him their reckoning. None so
 poor

But hath his work to do in peace and love,
 Which, rightly done, shall in the world above
 Place in his hand a palm that shall endure.
 The field is wide—each labourer hath full room
 To improve his talent, and secure the word
 Of glad approval from his gracious LORD;
 Some barren heart his love may bid to bloom,—
 Some wretch may cease his weeping at his
 voice,
 And friend and friendless mutually rejoice.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

WHAT scene of grief is this I see?—
The garden is Gethsemane—
'Tis night, and 'neath an olive tree
Is one upon his bended knee!

What agony and utter wo
His supplicating gestures show!
"Remove this sorrow from thy Son;
Yet not my will, but thine, be done!"

But not alone he now appears :
A shining being comes and cheers
His sinking soul beneath the weight
Of woes for human strength too great.

And now he prays more earnestly,
And mid his weeping agony,
He sweats, and with the briny flood,
There oozes out the drops of blood!

While thus he prays, his little band
Of chosen ones are nigh at hand ;
Amid the shades, so thick around,
Behold them prostrate on the ground !

Their LORD besought them, ere he prayed,
To watch and pray while there they stayed ;
But, ah ! while he did pray and weep,
Their heavy eyes were wrapt in sleep.

To his disciples twice came he
In vain, to share their sympathy,
And he returned to pray again,
And bear alone his weight of pain.

Ah ! need I ask who He can be
That, low upon his bended knee,
Is bowed beneath the olive tree ?
—'Tis JESUS in Gethsemane !

OCTOBER'S COMING.

THE prudish maid, October, 's coming down

From her sojourn far in the frigid north:

Of her approach the signs are putting forth;
I hear the rustling of her russet gown;

Her voice rings shrilly on the frosty air,
The forest leaves are blushing red and brown,
And Nature wears a dark, forbidding frown,

Intensely vexed that she 's no longer fair.
October comes! her nose is sharp and blue,

Her temper changeable—at morning cold,
At noon she tries to smile, then, like a shrew,

At night she 's lowering, turbulent, and bold.
Ah! how unlike the pregnant months, that pour
In our rejoicing bosoms their abundant store!

BETH-EL.

WHEN evening, like a shadow pale,
O'er nature softly threw her veil,
The wandering Jacob, far from home,
Unto a certain place did come.

The exiled boy, forlorn and lone,
Reclined his temples on a stone,
And safely on the verdant sward
He slept, protected by the LORD.

He dreamed a holy, blessed dream:
As on a ladder, it did seem
That angels from the heavenly land
Went up and down, a shining band.

A gracious voice the sleeper heard;
A promise dwelt in every word—
That in his seed mankind should know
A Saviour from their guilt and wo.

And in that still and lonely place,
The LORD vouchsafed, in sovereign grace,
To give him comfort from above,
And touch his heart with holy love.

The homeless lad, astonished, woke,
And in his wonder thus he spoke:
"The LORD is surely in this spot,
And I, unworthy, knew it not!"

"How awful is this place!" thought he;
"'Tis as the house of God to me,—
The very gate of that bright land
From whence came all the shining band!"

As token he should not forget
God's graciousness, a stone he set;
He vowed a vow beside the stone,
Then quietly he journeyed on.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

WITHIN old Eden's walls methinks I stand,
While sin is not, and innocence and love
Make earth the counterpart of realms above,
And streams of joy flow through the happy land.
The blooming beauties of earth's varied climes
Together here in sisterhood have met;
Their Latin names would spoil my English
rhymes,
Else, I might have them all in order set.
These fruits and flowers of every shape and
hue,
And bees, and honey in its virgin comb,
And peaches, pears, plums, grapes, and apples
too,
I fain could wish were safely at my home.
Oh that an Eve would wander near my seat,
And bid me rise, and freely pluck and eat!

IN MEMORY OF MY LITTLE FRIEND,

WILLIAM WELLS THOMPSON,

Who died in his eighth year.

THE gentle William weeps no more;
His varied sorrows all are o'er;
No inward struggles mark his brow
With signs of bitter suffering now.

A little time on earth he spent,
Till God for him his angel sent;
And then on time he closed his eyes
To wake in glory in the skies.

Just like a bud of sunny spring,
That, spite of kindly fostering,
Is withered in its early bloom,
He sank in beauty to the tomb.

He shines now brighter than a star,
In that sweet place where angels are;
And there no sin nor care can come,
'Tis better than a mother's home.

Ah! let his parents weep no more!
Their gentle boy has gone before;
And when they're laid beneath the sod,
He'll wait to welcome them to God.

THE POOR WIDOW.

Luke xxi. 1—4.

A WIDOW came, her gift was small,
Yet large for her—it was her all!
Though meek in look and slow in gait,
She cast her offering with the great.

And He who sees not as men see
Regarded her complacently,
And thus his followers he addressed,
“Her gift is more than all the rest.”

How could this be? Two mites were naught
Beside the gold the rich men brought;
And yet the LORD was pleased to say,
That she had done much more than they!

The SAVIOUR surely looked upon
Their motives when the deeds were done;
They gave from wealth and high degree,
But she from love and penury!

ETERNITY.

ONCE in ten thousand years remove
 (Till all are borne away)
 A single grain from every beach
 Whereon the waters play—

From every island, mountain, plain,
 Till earth be levelled low;
 And Ocean threatens with his waves
 Her face to overflow.

Then rest ten thousand thousand years
 By millions multiplied,
 And then the weary work begin
 To empty out the tide,

By one small drop each thousand years,
 (Until the whole are dry,)
 From every stream to which the earth
 Affords a full supply;—

From all the bays, and lakes, and seas,
Till water's nowhere found,
And parching dryness withers up
The desolated ground.

Then rest ten thousand thousand years
By millions multiplied,
Till all the substance of the earth
To powdered dust is dried:

Then bear away, each thousand years,
A particle so small
That eye cannot discern its size,
Till thou'st removed it all.

In all this fearful lapse of time,
Would it not seem to thee
That thou hadst measured out the length
Of an eternity?

Yet, when thou hadst, with angel's strength,
This mighty labour done,

Its end would be as far as when
Thy labour was begun !

Eternity ! eternity !—

My God ! thou know'st, alone,
The vastness of eternity—
Thine empire's corner-stone !

My trembling soul ! art thou amazed
At this appalling view ?
Be comforted—in CHRIST there is
Eternal mercy too !

THE PRINTER.

A MENTAL lamp hung out by life's wayside;
Unnoticed; yet his unpretending ray
Shines clearly on man's intellectual way,
And proves to pilgrims an unfailing guide.
He hath within a worthy sort of pride,
And knows his worth, though some allow it
not:

A heart and thinking mind above his lot
'Mong men are his. His coffers ill-supplied,
Yet want and virtue seldom ask in vain:
Nor is his life exempt from various pain;
Few days are his—the rose that freshly bloomed
On boyhood's cheek assumes the hue of death;
The oil of life within him soon consumed,
E'er two score years and ten he yields his vital
breath.

THE SABBATH HAS COME.

HALLOWED day of sacred rest,
Welcome, welcome to my breast:
Yearningly I've sighed to feel
Bliss thine hours alone reveal.

Aching temples, throb no more;
Busy care, thy reign is o'er;
Troublous thoughts, flee far away
From this quiet resting-day.

Faith's anticipations, rise!
Leap the barriers to the skies:
Upward soar, my soul, to Him
Loved by saint and seraphim.

Thankful praise, my lips employ—
Utter all my rapturous joy:—
Though o'er all things silence come,
Can a ransomed soul be dumb?

Priceless moments! rich and sweet—
Happy soul! at Jesus' feet,
Rest, oh rest!—when He is near,
Lovingly, hast thou a fear?

Master! lowly here I lie—
Look on me with gracious eye;
Lay thy yoke of love on me,
Easy shall the burden be!

SAVIOUR! may thy Sabbaths come
Laden with the hope of home:
On the day thy grace has given,
Fit me for thyself and heaven.

JONAH AND THE NINEVITES.

WHEN GOD commands, who disobey
Shall find his arm more strong than they;
But they who turn at mercy's voice
Shall in his tender love rejoice.

God's ancient prophet thought to flee,
And took his passage o'er the sea:
He feared to tread in duty's path,
And sought to 'scape his Maker's wrath.

God caused the mighty winds to blow,
And dashed the vessel to and fro;
The waves across the frail ship swept,
And terror on the seamen crept.

They fell upon their bended knees,
And prayed unto their deities;

But still the shrieking storm-wind blew,
And terribly the vessel flew !

Though by the raging tempest swept,
Behold the hardened prophet slept !
“ Arise, thou sleeper ! ” loud they say,
“ Call on thy God !—arise, and pray.”

The prophet felt that God was near,
And now confessed his guilty fear :
To still the waves raised by his sin,
He bade the seamen cast him in.

The LORD still loves his erring child,
Though Satan hath his soul beguiled :
He bade a dweller of the deep,
The disobedient prophet keep.

The prophet's soul within him died ;
Repentant to the Lord he cried,
Who made the fish draw nigh to land,
And cast the prophet on the strand.

Obedient to JEHOVAH'S will,
He hastes his duty to fulfil:
" Within three days, and Nineveh
Deep overwhelmed in death shall be !"

The monarch heard the prophet cry,—
His haughty soul was loth to die;—
And e'en the meanest soul was stirred,
When that portentous voice he heard.

All joy and gladness put away,
The city robed in sackcloth lay:
Yea, from the king beneath his throne,
Down to the beggar, grief was known.

The LORD—(I love his blessed Name !
I often feel he's still the same)—
The LORD, who loves not to condemn,
Did turn his wrath away from them.

The prophet waited long to see
The vast destruction that should be ;

And he was grieved that they were spared,
Though he, too, had God's mercy shared!

Ah! surely none would mercy feel,
If God should with his creatures deal
As they act often towards each other,
Though each man is to each a brother!

TOBACCO'S VICTIM.

His shrivelled skin, stretched o'er his brittle bones
And shrunken muscles, bound his frame together,
Till Death's keen blast offswept him like a
feather

That's tempest-driven in the torrid zones.

He spat his life away; and left his heirs—
A hapless widow and her babes forlorn—
In widowhood and orphanage to mourn,
And sigh, and sink beneath a flood of cares.
If one should ask, where his remains repose?
Be this the answer—Everywhere around,
Where'er the smoke of his cigar arose,
There may his heart, his lungs, his all be found.
His wasted carcass fills a nameless tomb—
His soul has gone, uncalled, to meet its changeless doom!

TO A RAT, CAUGHT IN OUR PRINTING OFFICE.

Thou long-tailed, ebon-eyed, nocturnal ranger!

What led thee hither 'mong the types and cases?

Didst thou not know that running midnight races
O'er standing types is fraught with imm'nent
danger?

Did hunger lead thee? didst thou think to find
Some rich old cheese to fill thy hungry maw?

Vain hope! none but a literary jaw

Can masticate our cookery for the mind.

Perchance thou hast a literary taste,

A love for letters, and that sort of thing;

But why, thou wire-tailed imp—thou vermin-
king!

Didst thou but yesternight devour our paste,

And throw our types in pyramids of *pi*?

Thy doom's decreed!—here, Towser! at him
fly!

THE OLD MAN'S HYMN.

THE day is wearing fast away,
The night is coming on,
To end my mortal pilgrimage,
Begun at early dawn.

No voice of early friends I hear
Within my soul to reach;
Another world hath round me grown,
Earth hath another speech.

Men look on me with wondering gaze,
As if their tongues would cry,
"Art thou still wandering here, old man?
'Tis time for thee to die."

And fain I am to die, when He
Who sent me here shall call:
I wait his gentle breath to cause
The ancient tree to fall.

I long to lay my burden down,
And in earth's bosom rest,
As calmly as an infant sleeps
Upon its mother's breast.

Welcome, approaching shades of even,
By idling triflers shunned!
I see the immortal life of heaven,
And CHRIST, my God, beyond!

THE LAW OF THE LIPS.

SPEAK kindly to thy fellow-man,
Lest he should die, while yet
Thy bitter accents wring his heart,
And make his eyelid wet.

Speak tenderly to him; for he
Hath many toils to bear;
And he is weak, and often sighs—
As thou dost—under care.

Speak lovingly to him; he is
A brother of thine own:
He well may claim thy sympathies
Who's bone of thine own bone.

Speak meekly to him; he may be
A holier man than thou,
And fitting it may be for thee
To him with reverence bow.

Speak solemnly to him ; for thou
And he must surely meet,
To make account for idle words,
Before the judgment-seat.

Speak faithfully to him ; thy word
May touch him deep within,
And save his erring soul from death,
And cover o'er his sin !

Speak unto him as thou wouldst have
Thy brother speak to thee ;
For thou art to all men akin,
Whoever thou mayst be.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES G. EATON,

Late a Ruling Elder in the Third Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

"A BROTHER's gone!" we sadly cry,

While weeping o'er his dust:

"A brother's come!" the saints reply,

In mansions of the just.

Thus, while our souls are rent and riven,

Rejoicings thrill the hosts of heaven!

His mortal eye in death is dim—

All silently he lies;

His soul has soared to join the hymn

Of glory in the skies.

His body lying 'neath the sod,

His spirit satisfied with God!

His homestead has a silent floor;

His loved ones softly tread;

They cannot feel that he's no more,
Although he's with the dead !
He walks on Zion's holy hill,
Yet thinks of them, and loves them still.

He spoke of Zion's golden streets—
He gladly treads them now :
What wondrous sights and sounds he meets—
What glories crown his brow !
What **HERE** he brightly dream'd of—**THERE**
He finds, beyond his dreamings, fair !

Sweet home ! My brother, thou art there,
To strike a golden string !
What music floats upon the air
Where God supreme is King !
Oh, may we hear those melting strains
That flood with bliss the heavenly plains !

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

IN fearful anguish once I lay,
 And every tender string of life
 Was rudely smitten by disease,
 And nature quivered in the strife.
 To God I looked for help the while—
 The lingering moments seemed to creep,
 And this sweet truth broke on my mind,
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

A gentle peace, like evening winds
 In summer from the ocean's breast,
 Moved o'er my sighing, sinking soul,
 And soothed my murmuring griefs to rest;
 And through that weary night of pain,
 When it were manliness to weep,
 My soul was comforted by this—
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

When prison'd long, my soul would fain
Leap through her fragile walls and flee—
But on the unmeasured life beyond,
She, halting, gazes tremblingly;
Then could I simply trust in Him,
Whose arms his feeblest follower keep,
And close mine eyes, and say, in death,
“He giveth his beloved sleep!”

UNCEASING PRAYER.

THE voice of prayer upriseth constantly
 From mortal man to his Redeemer, God :
 Where'er the sun, in shining sandals shod,
 Speeds o'er the busy land or lonely sea,
 Some chosen ones, awakened by its light
 From soothing dreams and slumbers of the night,
 Leap from their couch, and bend to Him in prayer,
 Adore His mercy, and confess their sins :—
 The lip of one is scarcely silent, e'er
 Some brother-worshipper his plaint begins :—
 The slave looks up with mute prayer in his eye ;
 The worn and weary pray ; yea, everywhere
 The LORD inclines to man's imploring cry ;
 And earth is girdled alway with a zone of
 prayer.

IN HONOUR OF THE GALLANT TROOP,

Who victoriously put to flight a detachment of Sunday-school children,
at 10 minutes past 3 o'clock, (or thereabouts,) of the afternoon of the
23d of May, 1842.

In pomp and circumstance of war,
The valiant troopers came:
Each warrior had a shining sword—
Each nose was red as flame!

The children of the realm of peace
Were passing slow along,
When swiftly came these fighting men—
These warriors big and strong!

Right valiantly they rode among
The frighten'd youthful band,
And one brave trooper drew his sword
And—held it in his hand!

The children hither, thither fled—

The women shrieked from fright;

The horsemen then rode proudly on

In their majestic might.

Oh, victory of victories!

Oh, that I had a pen

Pluck'd from some goose or gander's wing,

To praise these noble men!

Methinks I see this selfsame troop

Drawn up in grim array

Before a little town, wherein

The children are at play:

Whose fathers far from home have gone

In freedom's cause to fight—

Whose mothers, in their evening prayers,

Remember them aright.

Methinks I see them bravely charge,

And smite the striplings down;

Frighten the mothers into fits,
And sack the little town.

Methinks then news is brought to them
On rumour's flying car,
The fathers are returning fast
Victorious from afar!

Methinks this troop—this selfsame troop,
Grow pale and stiff as starch,
As helter skelter they begin
A retrograding march!

Then wo betide the hapless frogs
Who dare to lift a croak;
Ye nimble imps, dive deep, or ye
Shall fall beneath their stroke!

Puissant warriors—glorious corps!
I've heard of such as ye—
But never thought these fading eyes
The glorious sight should see!

Old Milton tells of some, who, on
 "The Alpine mountains cold,
The mother with her infant" down
 The precipices roll'd!

But little dreamed I that the race
 Had reached to modern days;
Eureka! let the nation shout
 Their deep undying praise.

TO L. JOHNSON, ESQ.

My constant friend, the years have swiftly sped,
 Since, from mine early, sweetly-thought-of
 home,

My trusting footsteps hitherward did roam
 To seek from Heaven my meed of daily bread.

My bud of youth just opening into man,
 And yet unfruitful,—thou didst wisely prune
 My wild luxuriance; and my manhood's noon

Of sober thought approvest well thy plan.
 When I review the eventful path I trod,

And mark His guiding providence to me,
 I lift mine eyes in gratitude to God,

And turn a thought of thankfulness to thee.
 Through all my course this lesson hath been
 plain—

Who looks in faith to Heaven shall never look
 in vain.

ENTHUSIASM!

If, as I sunk beneath the wave,
Exhausted, helpless, wan, and cold,
One should plunge in, my life to save,
And with a vigorous grasp uphold
My head above the watery death,
And bear me safely to the shore,
And then should lose his vital breath,
And sink, himself, to rise no more,—
If I refused to grave his name
In living letters on my heart,
Would not the world condemn to shame
My soul for acting such a part?—

Lo! I was sinking in a sea
That bordered on the shores of hell,
Whose waters, as they rose on me,
I tasted, and I loved them well:—

(For he who hath these waters quaffed
Forgets the value of his soul,
And while he drinks a deeper draught,
Perdition's waves above him roll:—
But ONE alone had strength to grasp
My sinking soul from that dread sea;
His arms around me he did clasp—
It cost his life to rescue me!

And yet, if I reprove the sin
That brings reproach on Jesus' fame,
Full soon unthinking crowds begin
To link "Enthusiast!" with my name.
And if I strive to live above
The sordidness of worldly things,
And show that I my SAVIOUR love,
They aim at me envenomed stings.

Ah! if they hated me because
So little gratitude I show
To HIM whose just and holy laws
Their sure protection o'er me throw;

Then might I bear their scorn and spite
In meekness, answering not a word;
Then might I own it was but right
Their indignation should be stirred.

O JESUS! what a heart is mine,
That can forget—so often, too—
The condescending act of thine,
Which MY soul from perdition drew!
The grace must surely be as much
Which bears with my ingratitude,
As that which prompted Thee to touch
My soul when sinking in the flood!

Bear with me still, my pitying LORD!
Drive not my soul away from thee;
My hope is in Thee, and thy word,
Which often is most sweet to me.

LONELINESS.

ALONE ! My soul doth never feel alone !
From tender childhood to this hurrying hour,
God hath indued me with a potent power
Of calling spirits from a realm unknown,
With whom I hold communings sweet and free.
This life hath never been a cumbrous chain
For me to drag with heaviness and pain ;
But Time hath sped on feathery wings with me.
My thoughts to me are sweeter than my bread ;
And when my lips have lacked, my mind hath fed
Luxuriously, as if it were a king.
And when the Lord hath smiled upon my way,
I've walked in heaven on many a glorious day
While yet on earth my feet were wandering !

THE DEATHLESS SMILE.

I SAW one in her maidenhood

From whom the life had fled,
And yet so lovely was her face
It seemed she was not dead!

Her eyelids as in sleep were closed,
Her brow was white like snow;
A smile still lingered on her cheeks
As if 'twas loth to go!

And it may be, a smile so sweet,
So quiet and serene,
Was never on the healthy brow
Of living maiden seen.

Perchance the wondrous bliss which burst
Upon her raptured mind,
When first she woke in glory's courts,
Now left its trace behind.

Her end was peace. I thought that they
Who loved her should not grieve,
For these last words they heard her say,
"My spirit, LORD! receive."

And when they laid her in the earth,
Her cheek still held the bloom;
That smile so sweet the gentle maid
Bore with her to the tomb!

Would it be strange if brighter tints
Upon the flowers crept,
Which grew above the sacred spot
Where that meek maiden slept?

THE GREAT DAY.

THE shivered skies flee fast away; and flame
And smoke burst out, and horrid noises roar
As if a burning sea surged on the shore,
And racked old Nature's perishable frame.

Creation shudders; and the trembling sun
Turns red like blood, and casts a crimson glare
Throughout the heaving billows of the air;

The moon and stars, as if affrighted, run
In wild confusion; while the trump of God
Resounds, and all the dead are called to life,
And—hushed at once the elemental strife—

In solemn stillness men await his nod.
Ah, day of doom! Redeemer! Brother! Friend!
Protect thine own—whose hopes on Thee depend!

THE FATHER TO HIS FAMILY.

COME here, my angel-hearted child!
Come, push aside the ringlets wild
That hide thy brow, where peace hath smiled
 Since ever thou wert born!
Come, I would kiss thy modest cheek,
Whereon the roses seem to seek
Unto thy father's heart to speak,
 To cheer him when he's worn.

Come, too, my pretty, prattling one,
Whose tottering footsteps feebly run
To catch the rays of golden sun
 That stream across the floor!
Come, sit upon thy father's knee,
And crow and carol merrily,
And shout aloud with infant glee!—
 What can I wish for more?

Come thou, sweet wife!—Come, sit beside
These cherub ones, our honest pride!
Here in my bosom fondly hide
 The blush of love; and vow
To God who hears the raven's cry,
The parent's prayer, the orphan's sigh,
And pray that He be ever nigh
 To save and bless, as now.

Who owns a portion, o'er the earth,
That hath a higher, nobler worth
Than his, who round his cheerful hearth
 His best-beloved ones spies,—
All peaceful, blest—no angry storms
To beat upon their tender forms;
While love to God their bosoms warms,
 And fits them for the skies!

THE POET'S VISITER.

I SING for mine own pleasure, more than name
Or money's worth; and he who lists may read
Or not, as pleases him: my gospel-creed
Allows to all the equal rights I claim.

Within the inner chambers of my mind
There cometh oftentimes a visiter,

Whose loveliness surpasseth human-kind—
I sing the mysteries that I learn of her.

I'm captive to her beauteousness; her spell
Is potent. Miserable man were I

To slight a being whom I love so well,
Or pass her wooings unregarded by.

While my Great Maker sends me such a guest,
I'll tell what pleasant thoughts she wakens in
my breast.

JUVENILE HYMN.

Who bids the soft wind blow?

Who bids the bright sun shine?

The flowers and grass that grow

Around this path of mine?

Who makes these shady trees arise,

And spread their boughs beneath the skies?

Who makes this brook, so bright,

From earth's cold bosom spring,

And sparkle in the light,

And sweetly, sweetly sing—

As if an angel lent his voice

To help the rippling stream rejoice?

Who gave the airy bird

Soft feathers and swift wings,

And taught it music-words

To charm us when it sings?—

Say, little bird! who taught you how
To sing so sweetly on that bough?

O, 'tis our Father, God,
Who gives us every thing—
The grass, the flowery sod,
The brook, and birds that sing;
And all the blessings of this day
He sheds upon our happy way.

How good is God! He gave
His only Son to die,
Our souls from death to save,
And fit us for the sky!
O, let us bow, and serve Him here
With gratitude and love sincere.

MY FATHER BLESSED ME.

My father raised his trembling hand,
And placed it on my head:
"God's blessing be on thee, my son!"
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems nor gold,
But still was I his heir—
For that rich blessing which he gave
Became a fortune rare.

And in my day of weary toil
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head.

Though infant tongues to me have said
"Dear father!" oft since then,
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,
I'm but a child again.

REMEMBER THE POOR!

REMEMBER the Poor!

It fearfully snoweth,
And bitterly bloweth;
Thou couldst not endure
The tempest's wild power
Through night's dreary hour,
Then pity the poor!

Remember the poor!

The father is lying
In that hovel, dying
With sickness of heart.
No voice cheers his dwelling,
Of JESUS' love telling,
Ere life shall depart.

Remember the poor!

The widow is sighing,
The orphans are crying,

Half starving for bread;
In mercy be speedy
To succour the needy,—
Their helper is dead!

Remember the poor!

The baby is sleeping,
Its cheeks wet with weeping,
On its mother's fond breast;
Whose cough, deep and hollow,
Foretells she'll soon follow
Her husband to rest!

Remember the poor!

To him who aid lendeth,
Whatever he spendeth
The LORD will repay;
And sweet thoughts shall cheer him,
And God's love be near him,
In his dying day!

THE HYMNS MY MOTHER SANG.

THERE are to me no hymns more sweet
Than those my mother sung,
When joyously around her feet
Her little children clung.

The baby in its cradle slept—
My mother sang the while;—
What wonder if there softly crept
Across his lips a smile?

And I, a sick and pensive boy,—
Oppressed with many pains,—
Oft felt my bosom thrill with joy
To hear her soothing strains.

The stealing tear mine eye bedims,
My heart is running o'er,—
The music of a mother's hymns
Shall comfort me no more!

THE DRUNKEN MOTHER'S CHILD.

A TENDER infant-girl

Lay in her shroud and coffin;

Her cheeks were like the pearl,

For tears had washed them often.

Ah me! her lot was sad and wild,—

She was a drunken mother's child.

Some children seem, when dead,

As though they were but sleeping;

But her eyes, in her head

Were sunken, as if weeping

Had emptied out the fount of life

In streams of agony and strife.

Her fingers were as thin

As starving want could make them—

Mere bones encased in skin—

The feeblest strain might break them;

That wasted form her sorrows told,
As she lay there so pale and cold.

Her time was short;—who'd wept
Had time with her been shorter?
God's love on her was kept—

He claimed his suffering daughter,—
His goodness bade the child to die,
His mercy took her to the sky.

So delicate a flower
Should have a kindly keeper:—
Say, who—had he the power—
Would wake the little sleeper,—
Recall her from her home above,
To live where she had none to love?

Oh! quietly she rests,
In heaven sweetly singing;
Those hands with joy are pressed
That, yesterday, were wringing

In helplessness and utter woe,
Beneath a mother's cruel blow.

No more she'll shed a tear
Of bitterness and sorrow,
Nor tremble with the fear
Of suffering to-morrow;
The anguish past that filled her breast,
Her weary soul is now at rest.

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE

DAVID WHITE CULVER.

A LOVELY, fragile flower,
Just bursting into bloom,—
It lived through Winter's bitterest hour,
Unblighted by its withering power,
To find in Spring a tomb!

We hoped that Summer's rays
Its blossoms would expand—
That God would give it many days
To bloom in beauty to his praise—
The product of his hand.

But it hath passed away ;—
Yet life is in its root,
And 'neath the skies of cloudless day
'Twill grow in glorious array,
And yield immortal fruit.

THE DYING MAN.

I saw a sick man die
A long and lingering death,
For nature struggled hard to keep
Her grasp upon his breath.

Amid the noisy day,
His pains abated not;—
His couch was downy, yet thereon
He found no resting spot.

Throughout the dark still night
He counted every stroke
That told the hour, as solemnly
Upon the ear it broke.

The weary hours wore on,
And night succeeded day,
As almost imperceptibly
His life-breath ebbed away.

Whene'er I came, he turned
His meek, imploring eye
To where I stood, and seemed to ask
For pitying sympathy.

Yet when I spoke a word,
And he would fain reply,
A spasm often made him shriek
An agonizing cry.

'Twas not on man he called
In his extremity :
"Thy will, O LORD! not mine be done!"
This was his only plea.

"Dear JESUS!" he would say,
"Sweet SAVIOUR!" "Precious LORD!"
He spoke them oft, as though he found
A charm in every word.

My heart was touched—I wept,—
For I could not control

The floods his meekness bade arise
Within my melting soul.

Oft as I left his side,
And made a parting prayer,
I thought it was the last request
In which on earth he'd share.

But still he lived, till hope
To our sad bosoms came,
That God would still enrobe with health
His meager, shrunken frame.

One day he stronger grew,
He felt no more of pain,
He slept, and in his sleep he sighed—
And did not wake again!

THE WOUNDED BIRD.

SHE sat upon a cedar bough,
Her head beneath her wing,
And swayed in anguish to and fro,
A wounded, dying thing.

Ah, hapless bird! her day of song
And blithesomeness was o'er;
A wanton youth had stained her breast
And downy plumes with gore.

Her merry mates were calling her;
She not a note replied,
But bore her sufferings silently,
And, unrepining, died.

And life, and light, and happiness
Were clustered in the wood
Wherein that uncomplaining bird
So perished in her blood.

ON HEARING A SERMON BY THE
REV. DR. ELY.

AGAIN mine ears drink in the flowing tide
Of tones more sweet than if an angel spoke;
In days long gone, that voice my spirit woke
From dreams of folly, vanity, and pride.
The chain that bound me to earth's pleasures
broke,

(Which once I loved as if there were none
other,)

I learned that man to every man was brother,
And on my neck CHRIST laid his easy yoke.

New life was mine—a holier course begun,
I loved—and love—my teacher as a son.

Let coward Slander rear its venom'd crest,

And seek to sting in some unguarded place,
Still God's good hand shall shield him by his grace,
And they shall love him most who've known him
long and best.

THE DEAF.

I.

THE deaf do live alone. In all the earth
There is no helpmeet found for them; within
One circle is their empire bound; no din
Invades the temple of their mind;—the mirth
And sighs of men are sounds to them unknown,
Though well they know the spirit's inward
groan;
And mortal agonies belong to them
As well as to their fellow men; for death
Hath passed on all who draw the vital breath,
And where sin is, there doth the law condemn.
Ah, hapless men! relentless silence keeps
Her watchpost at the portals of the ear;
No heavenly word or sound approacheth near,
And music's melting influence in lasting stillness
sleeps.

II.

To them, the tongue of Nature speaketh not

When on the earth her holy voice is heard;
The sighing winds that haunt the shady grot—

The murmuring brook—the merry singing-bird,
Are mute to them. They have not learned how
sweet

Are human tones when kindness tunes the
voice,

Nor how a word may make the heart rejoice,
And change its sadness into bliss complete.

From all things audible debarred, they live
In lonely isolation, each apart:

Yet not for ever! CHRIST in heaven shall give
The hearing ear to *all* the pure in heart.
With what delight the music of the spheres
Shall fill their rapt and newly-gifted ears!

TIME FLIES.

LIKE a river flowing
To a boundless sea,
Time is swiftly going
To eternity.
Waking or sleeping,
Moments fly:
Smiling or weeping,
All must die.

THE END.



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